



FAREWELL! ĐUT TUHENEVER YOTU WELCOME THE HOUR

AIR: MOLL ROONE

michael wílliam Balfe
(1808-1870)

Andante sostenuto *sotto voce*

S
A
T
B

Fare -
Fare -
Fare -
Fare -

Andante sostenuto

Piano

p *pp*

FAREWELL, BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

5

S well! but when-ev - er you — wel - come the hour That a - wak - ens the night - song of

A well! but when-ev - er you wel - come the hour That a - wak - ens the night - song of

T well! but when-ev - er you wel - come the hour That a - wak - ens the night - song of

B well! but when-ev - er you wel - come the hour That a - wak - ens the night - song of

Pno. *p*

8

S mirth_ in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once wel - com'd it too, And for -

A mirth_ in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once wel - com'd it too, And for -

T mirth_ in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once wel - com'd it too, And for -

B mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once wel - com'd it too, And for -

Pno.

11

S got his own griefs to be hap - py with you. His

A got his own griefs to be hap - py with you. His

T got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.

B got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.

Pno.

13

S griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main Of the few that have bright - en'd his

A griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main Of the few that have bright - en'd his

T Of the few that have bright - en'd his

B Of the few that have bright - en'd his

Pno.

FAREWELL, BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

16

S path - way of pain, *dim.* But he ne'er will for - get the short

A path - way of pain, *dim.* But he ne'er will for - get the short

T path - way of pain, *dim.* But he ne'er will for - get the short

B path - way of pain, *dim.* But he ne'er will for - get the short

Pno. *dim.* *p*

18

S vi - sion, that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while *riten.* lin - g'ring with you.

A vi - sion, that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while *riten.* lin - g'ring with you.

T vi - sion, that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while *riten.* lin - g'ring with you.

B vi - sion, that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while *riten.* lin - g'ring with you.

Pno. *riten.*

sotto voce

S
A
T
B

And
And
And
And

Pno.

S
A
T
B

still on that ev - 'ning, when_ pleas - ure fills up To the high - est top spar - kle each
still on that ev - 'ning, when pleas - ure fills up To the high - est top spar - kle each
still on that ev - 'ning, when pleas - ure fills up To the high - est top spar - kle each
still on that ev - 'ning, when pleas - ure fills up To the high - est top spar - kle each

Pno.

FAREWELL, BUT, WHEREVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

28

S heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it gloom - y or bright, My

A heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it gloom - y or bright, My

T heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it gloom - y or bright, My

B heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it gloom - y or bright, My

Pno.

31

S soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall

A soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall

T soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night;

B soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night;

Pno.

33

S join in your rev - els, your sports, and your wiles, And re - turn to me, beam - ing all *cresc.*

A join in your rev - els, your sports, and your wiles, And re - turn to me, beam - ing all *cresc.*

T And re - turn to me, beam - ing all *cresc.*

B And re - turn to me, beam - ing all *cresc.*

Pno. *rf*

36

S o'er with your smiles - Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some *dim.* *p*

A o'er with your smiles - Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some *dim.* *p*

T o'er with your smiles - Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some *dim.* *p*

B o'er with your smiles - Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some *dim.* *p*

Pno. *dim.* *p*

FAREWELL, BUT, WHEREVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

39

S kind voice has mur - mur'd, "I wish he were here!" *riten.*

A kind voice has mur - mur'd, "I wish he were here!" *riten.*

T kind voice has mur - mur'd, "I wish he were here!" *riten.*

B kind voice has mur - mur'd, "I wish he were here!" *riten.*

Pno. *riten.*

41

S *sotto voce* Let

A Let

T Let

B Let

Pno. *p* *pp*

46

S Fate do her worst, there are — rel - ics of joy, Bright — dreams of the past, — which she

A Fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she

T Fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright — dreams of the past, which she

B Fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she

Pno. *p*

49

S can - not de - stroy; Which come in the night - time of sor - row and care, And —

A can - not de - stroy; Which come in the night - time of sor - row and care, And

T can - not de - stroy; Which come in the night - time of sor - row and care, And —

B can - not de - stroy; Which come in the night - time of sor - row and care, And

Pno.

FAREWELL, BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

52

S bring — back the fea - tures that joy used to — wear. Long,

A bring back the fea - tures that joy used to — wear. Long,

T bring back the fea - tures that joy used to — wear.

B bring back the fea - tures that joy used to wear.

Pno.

54

S long — be my heart — with such mem - or - ies fill'd! Like the vase, in which ros - es have

A long — be my heart — with such mem - or - ies fill'd! Like the vase, in which ros - es have

T Like the vase, in which ros - es have

B Like the vase, in which ros - es have

Pno.

57

S
once been dis - till'd— You may break, you may shat - ter the

A
once been dis - till'd— You may break, you may shat - ter the

T
once been dis - till'd— You may break, you may shat - ter the

B
once been dis - till'd— You may break, you may shat - ter the

Pno.

dim. *p*

59

S
vase, if you will, But the scent of the ros - es will hang round it still.

A
vase, if you will, But the scent of the ros - es will hang round it still.

T
vase, if you will, But the scent of the ros - es will hang round it still.

B
vase, if you will, But the scent of the ros - es will hang round it still.

Pno.

riten.

Michael William Balfe (1808-1870) was born in Dublin, Ireland, and studied music in Ireland and London. At age 16, he became violinist in the Drury Lane orchestra and was celebrated as a singer throughout the region. His patron, Count Mazzara, took him to Italy, where he studied composition in Rome and Milan. His first dramatic piece was produced in Milan in 1826. He sang at the Paris Italian Opera and in Italian theaters until 1835, also producing several Italian operas, and sang in New York City in 1834. He returned to England and was a successful composer of English operas, at times residing in Paris and Vienna. He retired in 1864 and died in Rowney Abbey, Hertfordshire. His compositions include a number of operas, cantatas, glees, and part-songs.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice has murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd —
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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